Fai. Ready; and *I*, and *I*, and *I*. Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The hony bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glow-wormes eies,
To haue my loue to bed, and to ariſe
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and do him curteſies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy hartily; I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if *I* cut my finger, *I* ſhall make bold with you. Your name honeſt gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend me to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your Mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your Father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, *I* ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeede.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtard ſeed*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtardſeed*.

Tita. Come waite vpon him, leade him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watry eie,
And when ſhe weepes, weepe euery little flower,
Lamen-

Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, and Robin good-fellow.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extremity.
Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

Puck. My miſtreſſe with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* ſtalles,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Piramus* preſented, in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Minnock comes: when they him ſpy,
As wilde geeſe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſed pated choughes, many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the sky:
So at his ſight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our ſtampe, here ore and ore one falles;
He murther cryes, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their ſenſe thus weake, loſt with their feares thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell ſnatch,
Some ſleeues, ſome hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Piramus* tranſlated there:

When